

SPiritUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 167.

The Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT

IN HISTORY AND CONSCIOUSNESS.*

BY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

I purpose to occupy the time allotted to me through your courtesy to-night, in presenting some brief statements concerning the Spiritual Element in Man—its past developments and present manifestations.

Man thinks invariably according to his state, modified however, for the most part, by his social relations, by ecclesiastical influence, by physical conditions, and by dominant spiritual spheres that prevail and operate upon his nation and his age. From the deep interior of the human spirit, where ideas are engendered from the Invisible, the Supernatural and the Infinite, they are projected through interior organs into consciousness, and thence through external organs into speech. Seldom are man's uttered thoughts more than the shadows of the first begotten idea, the archetypal or primitive form of truth being veiled as it descends into external utterance. Happy indeed shall I be if I succeed in giving orderly form to the ideas of truth that I aim to utter.

Absolutely considered there is but one thinker in the universe—God! He is the fount of wisdom, and all our ideas are more or less the repetitions and reflections of his infinite cognitions. I attribute to God successions of ideas, because I see them. You my hearers—each man in this wide world—each angel or spirit in all you cosmic or heavenly immensities, is a thought, an idea of God, which he has clothed with visible form and projected with ultimates. In a lesser degree and in a lower sense, the earths and the heavens are the thoughts of God; and so it is written, "the invisible things, of Him from the creation of the world are clearly visible by the things which are seen and made."

Man is, or may be through internal harmony and elevation, conscious of two separate and eternally opposite wonders; conscious through his outer faculties of the universe of finite and created forms; conscious also of the All creative and Infinite Spirit. We see or are blind to the Infinite according to our state. If the logical faculties are exercised upon material objects alone; if the sublime powers of the moral reason are dormant; if the eye of the spirit be closed and its ear barred, and its touch made insensible through self-love, or personal pride, or sensuous excess—then we may fail to see the Infinite. But if the intense ardors of pure devotion to love and duty and the right have filled and fired the consciousness; if we have begun to think and plan, not from the baneful incentives of self-love, but from the inspirations of an unbounded humanity; if, above all, we have learned the secret of that blessed life that consists in sweet and tender ministries to all our race, not as a painful labor but as a living joy—then, as the divine and everlasting life pervades and dignifies our own, God is revealed to us, and we realize that we dwell and walk with Him. As our life inclines from God and becomes immersed in the corporeal and sensuous, we defy Nature. As our life inclines toward God, we arise above the sphere of idolatry and worship Him. As our real essential being is unfolded, we think less and less from the finite, and more and more from the divine. So we begin to realize that all that we hear, see, feel, taste, touch, handle with these senses of the body is, like it, a veil, a garment, "of such stuff as dreams are made on." We are delivered from the bondage of the finite. We feel that Nature is finite, but God infinite; Nature ephemeral, but God eternal.

So dies out the gross idolatry of the natural understanding. Our faith, enlarged and purified, is centered in the Infinite. Then Nature itself is transfigured before our sight, and is made apparent to us as a fluent medium for the operations of the Divine. In star and flower; in the miracles of the seasons and of the year; of birth and resurrection; in the vast formative, reproductive and transforming movements of the universe, we perceive the silent pressure of creative power, the droppings of Divine Ideas into forms and colors—into speech and action. Nature is the soliloquy of God; and in the fields of ether thickly sown with stars as in the fields of earth mantled with constellated bloom, in fairest galaxies of human souls gathered on earth or in the happy skies, we see the ultimata of his benignant thought, the resultant meditations of the Infinite.

Man is more than a natural being. The form may come up from earth as the result of all material operations, the rich product of the alchemy of matter; but the soul comes down from God, and here the two meet, coalesce and are transfused, and the result is personality and self-consciousness. And so sings the greatest of all philosophical poets:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting—
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Matter's last gradation is lost in the refined particles of the outer form of man. We see more, hear more, receive more, realize and enjoy more than the finite. We see, hear, feel and realize the Infinite. Surely as the flower opens its corolla to the splendor of morning, and stands transfigured in the radiance of

all-pervading day, so surely the human spirit opens the corolla of intellect, puts forth the many-tinted blossoms of the affections in the ennobling luster of Deity. Surely as the natural sun gilds vale and mountain and bathes the world in the billows of its light and heat, so surely the Infinite Personality, the Creative Spirit from whom all thoughts diverge, and in whom all affections have their well-spring, bathes each finite mind—the universe of finite minds—in light and heat, in the light that is wisdom, in the intense ardor that is love. For God is wisdom itself as to his intelligence, and love itself according to his infinite existence; and that love and wisdom stream forth in one continuous operation, encircling, inter-pervading and unfolding all things that are created.

There is visible to us through outer senses a natural light and heat. We trace it to the sun. Without it, nature is dead. Where it most abundantly falls and most harmoniously operates the skies are brightest, the flowers are sweetest and loveliest, the fruits are richest and most abundant, and all living things, in strength and beauty, in melody of utterance and intensity of enjoyment, move forth like incarnations of its ray. That sun which warms and lights the visible creation is the natural type of Deity. What the sun is to the world, God is to the human spirit. There is a thought-light and a love-light; there is a brightness that fires the lamp of intellect and kindles the eternal flame of virtue; there is a beam that fills upon the germs of understanding and unfolds the latent powers of rationality; and I call that light the radiation of God's own intellect, and that quickening ray the fire of God's own heart. There is a finite heat and light from the sun which make visible to the senses the things of the finite; and so there is an infinite heat and light proceeding from God, which make apparent to the human spirit the things of the infinite.

All natural forms receive and radiate the solar ray. So all forms receive and radiate the quickening influence of Deity. I am far from asserting the cold dogmas of Pantheistic philosophy or naturalistic speculation. To me creation is finite, God infinite—God not alone in all and through all, but over all and before all. But God is not afar off—not a receding star, dimly visible through the telescope of history, and twinkling far and dim from the hollow gulf of vanished ages. He is the God of the Living, and the Living God! In him we live and move, and have our being, and we, according to purity of intellect, are lamps and mirrors of his infinite eternal brightness. Every human mind gives off a light of reason according to its state. We walk, if just and valiant for truth, enveloped in spiritual lusts. We radiate a moral heat, and move as the world moves, exhaling and distributing the aromatic warmth of a benevolent affection.

Light and darkness, heat and cold, summer and winter, are human attributes, as well as natural phenomena. The loving heart, like a glowing summer-orb, is visible, endowed with the ripe fruits of disinterestedness; and all glowing forms and happy voices of serene affection adorn and fill with melody its Eden groves. But the heart frozen with self-love, is like some arctic world where death reigns in icy halls and barren solitudes of winter and despair. There is a light in true wisdom and a splendor in living virtue that outshines the zenith, and "they who are wise do shine as the firmament, and they who turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." There is a real light that comes from God and that makes the godlike man to walk encompassed by a visible radiation. Were these outward and natural bodies to be torn away, were each spirit here to lift his clay visor and drop his dusty mantle and reveal his real face, his real form, the degrees of glory that would radiate from each immortal countenance and clothe each deathless organism, would be according to the moral transparency of each separate intellect, the justness and integrity of each individual heart.

Ye wave and blossom, O flowers! Ye shine and move, O formamental hosts! entangled in the brightness of the sun of nature. And ye, O sphered, revolving galaxies of spirits, ye wave and ye blossom and ye shine in the great light of God! Surely as there is a natural body and a spiritual body, so surely there is a natural light for the one, and a spiritual light for the other. All natural objects point to the sun and say, "Not mine is this light, heat, fragrance, melody that seemeth mine. The world itself, so cold and dead in its sunless regions, so warm, living, eloquent in its sunfilled and happy realms, bids us own the truth that creation does not proceed from the self-developing powers of the natural and finite form. And so, the wide world over, the human spirit, unspoiled through the sophisms of a vicious external culture, seems spontaneously and reverently to own the presence and the operation of the *Sext of Life*. Men feel, more deeply than they can ever express, that all creation is the result of the Infinite Love. Scarred and shattered as it is—scared with sins, shattered with tribulations and iniquities—it is an orb of worshippers, this world of ours;—this world of human hearts dying for love, and in the great faith of love seeking the beloved in the still realms of death.

There is therefore a two-fold brightness, a two-fold heat that irradiates and quickens the world we live in. There is first a finite influence streaming from the sun, building up and arching over the great temple of the day, laying its beams in the clouds, and building its pavilions in the heavens and the earth, and the waters that are under the earth. And this natural heat and light is a mediatorial element, wherethrough the Divine Love and Wisdom operate in material ultimates. More than this, there is

a spiritual light and heat that proceeds from the divine. It builds up the fabric of the spiritual body, and shines with the light of reason in the still chambers of the brain. The will feels it, and responds to its intense activity. The heart feels it, and responds in all the many octaves of its loves to the rhythmic pulse-beats of its influence. Man dwells here with types and shadows, and these are the visible things of Nature. Man dwells here with thoughts of true wisdom and affections of divine operation, and the unfolding of a discrete degree of sences above the natural thereby.

As relates to the things revealed or made known to man through these varied yet related processes, when we come to sit the sands of history for the golden grains of ancient knowledge and opinion, we find three great degrees of apparent truth discernable, with more or less of clearness and precision. The existence, personality and attributes of God is the central point of all disclosure. Even in the wilderness of classic fable, in the labyrinth of Indian cosmogony and theosophy, in the hieroglyphic structures of Egyptian myth and allegory, we see the same great central truth, clothed in a varied language, hidden in a diversified symbolism, made known with a superior or inferior luster of statement, according to the states of the peoples by whom such revelation was discerned. Through all the most ancient religions there is more or less of a divine projection and appearance, a shining forth of the Infinite Personality. The heathenism of the ancients, with all its monstrous forms of polytheistic superstition, was not an original development of the spiritual sphere, but the distorted, fragmentary, half-remembered recollection of a past faith of the world's dim remembered morning when God the Father was benignantly visible to man the child. Grouped around this central truth of the Divine Personality, we find that ancient spiritual manifestations indicated the existence of universes of human spirits, peopling the immeasurable empires of creation, inheriting into the divine attributes, and unfolding in glorious appearances of the human form. Out from the bosom of all the past shines forth that sacred truth—the immortality of the soul. Yea, all the past is as a Jacob's ladder, and on the shining rounds of all its revelations we behold the heavenly humanity ascending and descending in blessed ministries above the slumbering humanity of earth reposing in its youthful dreams below. The third degree of ancient Spiritualism referred to the existence of an objective spiritual world. And mark, if you will, how wonderfully true to the clearest philosophy of our time are the dimmest even of ancient spiritual hints and suggestions. The heavenly harmonies of past religions, the ideal realms of the beatified, are the projections and the correspondences of celestial beatitudes of love inspried within. And so the monstrous and terrific forms of outward dissonance, the Plutonian terrors, the abysmal Tartarean glooms, are the shadows, "the gorgons and chimeras dire" of lusts and depravities that pertain to perverted conditions of the understanding and the will. Heaven, as visible to ancient seers, was a lovelier and purer earth, whose landscapes unrolled in the luster of the sun of wisdom and of love. It was a domain of floral and mineral and faunal creations, inspried in spiritual substances, and typifying ineffable truths and infinite affects. The nations of them that were saved walked in the light of it. And they needed no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord was their everlasting light. There blossomed the trees of life beside the crystal waters. There palaces of immortal art, consecrated to the infinite and perfect beauty, arose on the dawn-lit hills and wide savannas of the day. There a beatified and glorified humanity unfolded its fraternal empires and reigned in everlasting seats. There disease and discord and suffering were never known. There death was swallowed up in victory. They saw, as through a glass darkly, those ancient seers, according to their degrees of interior illumination and spiritual harmony. Yet, nevertheless, they walked in a light that was not of this earth, that arose in its infinite luster in the deep and inner soul, and shone with undiminished ray when the failing senses of the outward perished. And this is the note-worthy fact about these true seers of the past—they never sought to supply the place of Deity, or to interpose themselves between the human spirit and the heavenly life. They never arrogated to themselves a monopoly of revelation. It was their life-effort to produce in all men so far as possible a similar condition to their own, to lead them into that heavenly harmony of disposition that should result in the illumination of consciousness from the Eternal Infinite. And clear and loud, above the discords and wailings of their times, arose and still reverberates their lofty prophecy of triumph, for they saw that all men should finally attain to the very fullness of the mediatorial condition, and earth be consecrated in all its empires to the kingdom of God in man. They sought to lead men toward the kingdom of heaven by teaching them to observe those laws upon which depend man's orderly development into the mediatorial state. Beautiful are their feet upon the mountains of the past, those harbingers of new-found paradise, for they bring good tidings and wailings of their times, arose and still reverberates their own time, to us it is equally sacred. Translated from national to universal uses, their utterances, so imperfectly understood by their barbaric contemporaries, are to us a fount of copious instruction, as the era that they beheld in vision approximates to fulfillment, and the heavens and the earth alike bear witness to the advent of the *Mediatorial Age*.

The question which underlies the discussions of our time is this, "Can man, by virtue of his nature and its organs, hold communication with purely spiritual realities and entities, unclothed with material externals?" Now the common sense of all ages has answered this question affirmatively. It has answered it affirmatively by three grand admissions—the reality of prayer, which is the intercourse of the soul with God; the genuineness of revelation, which is the orderly form of divine truth flowing down from heaven through public mediums, set apart by Divine Providence for the end of heavenly disclosures; the truthfulness of spiritual impressions which are produced by the direct operation of spirits or angels, or of the Divine Mind.

As concerns the method whereby the invisible and spiritual sphere descends into communication with man, that same hi-

torical common sense of the race has admitted three distinct processes of heavenly manifestation—the inspiration of the rational faculties by means of an operation of heavenly truth—the enlargement, purification and ascension of the affectional faculties through operation of divine and celestial love—the elevation and quickening of the sensational organism by means of a divine operation, and the unfolding of a discrete degree of senses above the natural thereby.

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The present recess from business we are now enjoying, affords you leisure to give and me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous, therefore, to know your sentiments concerning specters, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of terrified imagination. What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard from Curtis Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown to the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman, which appeared to him of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the further events of his life; that he should go back to

and enlargement of the human understanding, through the exaltation of the senses into the discrete degree above the natural for the orderly perception and disclosure of the heavenly and eternal world. Mistakes occur incidental to the partial development and unbalanced condition of the organic forms. Falsities and crudities of statement doubtless are transmitted from crude and clouded minds in the world of spirits. Truthful inspirations are but imperfectly rendered, by reason of the incompetency of our mediatorial faculties in their germinating state. Yet, with all drawbacks, how grand is the unfolding of the higher life, how sublime are the intimations that are afforded of the celestial and eternal sphere! The heavens, once translucent to the fathers, have not become opaque and sepulchral to their latest children. The heart of man, once the vibrant harp that wove to the blessed melody of love when angel fingers swept its chorded octaves, has not become the tuneless and the silent shell of an extinct and unreturning harmony. The human reason, that, once illumined by fire from heaven, grew eloquent of God and duty and eternal life, has not forgotten to break forth into inspired and solemn utterance, enkindled from the undying and beatified hosts. The senses of man, the nervous organism of the spirit, that once responded to every touch and pressure of the Infinite in all its quivering nerves, has not become the mere servant and menial of corporeal desires. Still do the senses thrill to the touch of the immortal! Still does the vision kindle to the splendors of the angelic hosts! Still does the hand respond to the hand, and the eye to eye, and face answers to face, while spirits of the loved and departed look out from the luminous vail of ether with the old familiar smile! How blooms the amaranth and the asphodel over all the icy peaks and wintry solitudes of death! How dawns the upper day upon the night of bereavement and of loss! What sudden splendors irradiate the dying bed while the departing rise, 'mid solemn and triumphant music, utterances of attending angels, to the glories of a visible immortality! How, too, does the human intellect once more assert its sovereignty over finite and visible things, the phenomena of the visible universe, and rise in heavenly contemplations to the sea of crystal and the rainbow-circled throne! And how does the deep heart of man, so long thralled and prisoned, so long tortured and despairing, during all the dark era of materialism and fatalism and self-love,—how does the human heart once more feel the circulations of the Father-life, and respond in gentlest music to the pulses of the Eternal love! Thanks be to God that we have lived to see this day, while the Old Age of the old world departs, trailing his battle-robes, dyed in blood, to the tomb of oblivion, and the New Age of the peaceful and harmonic future dawns on us here in this virgin continent, "Earth's mightiest empire and its last!"

PLINY'S LETTER TO SURA.

The following letter of Pliny the younger to his friend Sura, was written more than seventeen hundred years ago. In view of the relations which the facts therein detailed bear to the spiritual phenomena, so conspicuous at this day, we are induced to give it to our readers entire, especially as otherwise it might be inaccessible to most of them. The first account is remarkable, not only for the beautiful spiritual appearance and accurate prophecy which it details, but as countenancing in some degree the idea of guardian spirits (or tutelar divinities, as they were called by the ancient heathens) presiding over the interests of cities and countries. The second, occurring as it did at that remote period, and forgotten by almost all the world, is remarkable for the analogy which it bears to the many phenomena of "haunted houses," so called, which, in more modern times, have, with the same general features, occurred in different countries and among different classes of people, regardless of the previous beliefs or disbelief of those who witnessed them. The fact that occurrences thus manifestly co-related, and by their analogies mutually confirmatory, have been occasionally forcing themselves upon human attention for so many ages, and under so great a variety of circumstances, must, in all candid minds, go far to redeem them from any imputed and necessary connection with superstition and credulity, and to place them in the category of outstanding realities. It would seem, indeed, strange that the maned ghost which appeared to Atheneodorus, was kept from his rest by no other cause than having been denied the customary rites of sepulture; but if numerous concurrent and respectable testimonies may be credited, it would appear that many other Spirits have, for a long time after separation from the body, been dissatisfied from a similar cause. Whether this is owing to a mere fancy on their part, or to some mysterious magnetic connections, is of course impossible for us to tell. But to the

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Lily."—In our paper of the date of June 30th, the reader will find a very beautiful poem entitled as above, for which our thanks are due to Miss Bella Bush, already widely known through her graceful contributions to the Philadelphia periodicals. If Miss B. has any more flowers to give away, and especially if they have the beauty and freshness of this fair "Lily," we need not say how happy we should be to receive them.

E. L. B. will also accept our thanks; she will perceive that we have acted from her suggestion.

JOHN SPENCER, of some place (the letter does not specify his whereabouts) sends us two dollars, for what purpose we know not. Does Mr. Spencer want the TELEGRAPH, and if so, where is he?

TELLING THE TRUTH ACCIDENTALLY.

When we published the "Lyric of the Morning Land," an exquisite poem of five thousand lines, *improvised by Spirits in some thirty hours, and spoken by Rev. T. L. Harris*, we sent copies to the principal secular journals in all parts of the United States, hoping that they would at least announce the appearance of the work, and pass an honest judgment respecting its real merits. Comparatively few of them noticed it at all; and those who did, with rare exceptions, spoke with more caution than discrimination. Very few had strength enough to tell the truth without neutralizing its force with copious milk and water qualifications, and so it was not discovered that the poem possessed any particular merits, save and except that it was *"printed on fine paper, and issued in the publishers' best style."*

Among the few who have ventured an honest opinion, the Cincinnati Weekly Times demands our special notice, though we cannot well decide how far the editor's sense of justice and his appreciation of poetry are dependent on his ignorance of an important fact. Let us explain. Some time since Mr. S. Leavitt reviewed the "Lyric of the Morning Land" in some public journal, making several extracts from the poem, since which, through the carelessness blundering of the press, Mr. Leavitt has become the reputed author, and the spiritual claims of the Lyric are lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of those same extracts are now going the rounds of the secular papers, and are highly complimented. How ignorance brings out and displays these intrinsic charms! If the Spirits and Mr. Harris will only keep out of sight, other papers will speak the truth as freely as the *Times* has done, and we shall be obliged to publish the third edition of the book some time before we expected—possibly before our contemporaries have had time to discover how much the honesty of a portion of the American press depends on the ignorance of its conductors. The subjoined extract from Mr. Harris's "Morning Land," is not the only one that the Cincinnati Weekly Times has published and credited to his reviewer:

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

BY S. LEAVITT.

"From the reading of Mr. Leavitt's "Lyric of the Morning Land," the mind reveres so much to "Queen Mab," that one cannot help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

There came a fairy blue, and sang :
O, maiden dear, attend, attend!
When first on earth the violet sprang,
Each earthly maid had fairy friend.
Who whisper'd in her ear by night—
Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—
And so the violet grew more bright
Within her eyes from day to day.

Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,
Wake, fairies, on your azure steep.
For ye shall thron to earth again,
And sing to maidens in their sleep.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris in some of his brilliant effusions was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secular journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt; but where the real claims of the Lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, the critics are straightway reminded of "Queen Mab," and can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."

We opine that the future involves some interesting disclosures. We happen to know that many books, composed and written by the agency of Spirits, are being published elsewhere, and highly commended by religious and secular journalists, who know nothing respecting the manner of their origination. We shall have an interesting chapter one day; in the mean time editors and critics had better be fair, and tell the whole truth where the claims of the Spirits are concerned. Those who repent and do better, will stand the ordeal of the great judgment which is now near them, "even at the doors."

POLITE LITERATURE AND ETERNAL LIFE.

If all the Spirits were original thinkers, and accustomed to speak and write in artistic style, we should be among the first to question the genuineness of their claims. It is quite impossible to conceive, without disregarding all known laws of mental growth, that the persons who but yesterday or last year mingled in these earthly scenes, jostling each other in the dusty highways of life, and saluting us in common phrase, could so suddenly be unfolded and exalted in mind to the dignity of the highest capacity. Not so do we read the laws of human development, and those who arrive at such conclusions disregard the experience of their own souls.

In this age of prevailing skepticism, the most important feature in all such communications may not consist in their strict conformity to the rules of literary composition, but in the cardinal fact—if indeed, it be a fact—that they emanate from the Spirit-world. The true philosopher will not find fault with Nature because some of her phenomena occur unexpectedly, and are seemingly irregular and disorderly. In the process of creation, Chaos preceded the reign of Order, while the strife of social and political elements and the noise of revolution go before the spirit of Reform to herald the new and higher institutions of the world. In like manner, from the present confused mingling of apparently lawless elements, may be evolved civil and religious systems, whose moral beauty and spiritual life shall one day realize the prayer and the prophecy of Humanity, in the glory of a new heaven and a new earth."

If the philosopher who is swallowed up in the profundity of his vast conceptions, who worships only truth,

"And stoop to touch the loftiest thought;"—

if such a mind is always reverent and thoughtful in the investigation of all natural phenomena, however unimportant in the vulgar estimation, while superficial souls cavil and sneer at her modes of operation, may we not learn wisdom from such exam-

ples? And if those who are earnest and powerful in thought thus regard nature in the least of her phenomenal exhibitions, how can we expect those who have deep and strong affections to be indifferent to the voices which speak to them from beyond the veil? Surely, no one in the least distinguished for generous impulses and expanded ideas, would pour contempt on the name and memory of one who has cherished him, because another who is unworthy has assumed his name, nor yet because that friend may not be able to address him in ornate and classic language. And should that friend send from a far distant country some pledge of friendship or message of love, he would not quarrel with the messenger about the time and manner of his arrival, nor regard as a *sine qua non* the literary merits of what his friend might say. No; bereaved affection has wept too long over the grave of its buried hopes to be excessively fastidious on this point. The mother who sighs for her lost child, will not stop to question the mere scholarship of any who may come to assure her that the child is safe. The anxious wife, who bends in prayer over the ashes of him who shielded her from the storm, who keeps long vigils from the hour of vespers until the stars grow pale in the beams of the orient, would only ask to be fully assured that the loved one is, and that it is well with him. The bare consciousness of his presence would produce, it may be, more intense and exalted happiness than all the wealth of kingdoms, the splendor of intellectual endowments, and the refinement of the highest art.

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

Our lectures in Portland, Me., delivered some six weeks since, were illustrated by the exhibition of not less than fifty specimens of Spirit-art, several of which were much admired by the most competent judges. Some of the heads of the ancient philosophers and artists, and the spiritual ideals of the principal divinities in the Grecian and Roman mythologies, were magnified by suitable lenses to *fourteen feet in length*, and brilliantly illuminated by the hydro-oxygen light. Respecting the merits of these unique specimens, the Portland Transcript and Eclectic, whose editors are gentlemen of education and taste, bears the following decisive testimony :

A MIGHTY SHADE.—The Spirits, of late, seem to be turning their talents to good advantage. Spirit-art, in re-producing the past, and the great actors in it, is certainly opening a wide field for our observation and delight. Who would not like to look upon the faces of the great men who have given laws and opinions to all ages—Moses, Plato, Socrates and the rest? If we are to believe the invisible gentlemen who go rapping about people's houses, we actually saw the portrait of the great Socrates the other evening, at one of the lectures delivered here by Mr. S. B. Britton. It purported to have been drawn, through the hand of a young lady of New York, by the Spirit of an ancient Greek sculptor, and whether actually a portrait or not was certainly worthy of the old philosopher. The mountainous brow and classic Greek features were worth going far to look upon. Several of the other heads, whether coming from a hand of flesh or Spirit, were admirably drawn.

The writer is about to add to his present collection many other superior specimens of art, all drawn and executed by Spirits from the invisible realms; and in the course of the ensuing autumn will be prepared to illustrate the most interesting question of the age by such an exhibition as the world has not seen. Those who desire our services in this capacity should make known their requests at an early date—if possible, before the first of September.

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

BY S. LEAVITT.

"From the reading of Mr. Leavitt's "Lyric of the Morning Land," the mind reveres so much to "Queen Mab," that one cannot help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

There came a fairy blue, and sang :
O, maiden dear, attend, attend!
When first on earth the violet sprang,
Each earthly maid had fairy friend.
Who whisper'd in her ear by night—
Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—
And so the violet grew more bright
Within her eyes from day to day.

Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,
Wake, fairies, on your azure steep.
For ye shall thron to earth again,
And sing to maidens in their sleep.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris in some of his brilliant effusions was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secular journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt; but where the real claims of the Lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, the critics are straightway reminded of "Queen Mab," and can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."

We opine that the future involves some interesting disclosures. We happen to know that many books, composed and written by the agency of Spirits, are being published elsewhere, and highly commended by religious and secular journalists, who know nothing respecting the manner of their origination. We shall have an interesting chapter one day; in the mean time editors and critics had better be fair, and tell the whole truth where the claims of the Spirits are concerned. Those who repent and do better, will stand the ordeal of the great judgment which is now near them, "even at the doors."

POLITE LITERATURE AND ETERNAL LIFE.

If all the Spirits were original thinkers, and accustomed to speak and write in artistic style, we should be among the first to question the genuineness of their claims. It is quite impossible to conceive, without disregarding all known laws of mental growth, that the persons who but yesterday or last year mingled in these earthly scenes, jostling each other in the dusty highways of life, and saluting us in common phrase, could so suddenly be unfolded and exalted in mind to the dignity of the highest capacity. Not so do we read the laws of human development, and those who arrive at such conclusions disregard the experience of their own souls.

In this age of prevailing skepticism, the most important feature in all such communications may not consist in their strict conformity to the rules of literary composition, but in the cardinal fact—if indeed, it be a fact—that they emanate from the Spirit-world. The true philosopher will not find fault with Nature because some of her phenomena occur unexpectedly, and are seemingly irregular and disorderly. In the process of creation, Chaos preceded the reign of Order, while the strife of social and political elements and the noise of revolution go before the spirit of Reform to herald the new and higher institutions of the world. In like manner, from the present confused mingling of apparently lawless elements, may be evolved civil and religious systems, whose moral beauty and spiritual life shall one day realize the prayer and the prophecy of Humanity, in the glory of a new heaven and a new earth."

If the philosopher who is swallowed up in the profundity of his vast conceptions, who worships only truth,

"And stoop to touch the loftiest thought;"—

if such a mind is always reverent and thoughtful in the investigation of all natural phenomena, however unimportant in the vulgar estimation, while superficial souls cavil and sneer at her modes of operation, may we not learn wisdom from such exam-

Original Communications.

MORE SPIRIT POETRY.

FRIEND BRITTON:

At a meeting of our circle last evening, I was entranced and impressed to repeat the following verses. They claim to be dictated by the spirit of Edgar A. Poe, and are descriptive of his departure from the earth-sphere. The verses were taken down by one of the circle as they were spoken. Those who deny that these verses were composed by the arisen spirit of Edgar A. Poe, will at least be forced to admit the existence of an active living *poe-etic* inspiration.

Yours for truth and true religion, R. H. BROWN.
DETROIT, July 2, 1855.

Shut out from the beautiful realms of the day,

In a region both gloomy and dire,
And right in the jaws of the terrible way
That leads to the kingdom of fire.

Down in the depths of the underworld,
Shut out from the light of the day,
With a mountain of darkness high over me hurled,
My spirit despairingly lay.

Darkly I wandered, forlorn and forsaken,
O'er dismal and night-shaded plains,
My soul with a tempest of passion was shaken,
And shrouded in torment like Cain's.

And then came an angel appeared in light,
With love in her luminous eyes;
And Hope, like a star, arose on my sight,
As she pointed the way to the skies.

A chorus of music came down from above,
As I earnestly gazed on the sky,
And I heard a sweet whisper, in accents of love
Entreatingly calling on high.

Then out of the darkness and torture and night—
The cloud of terrestrial woes—
Up into the beautiful kingdom of light,
Released by an angel, I rose.

And there with my lost loving-hearted,
The angel whose name is Lenore,
I dwell, and we ne'er shall be parted,
The angel and I, nevermore!

EDGAR A. POE.

SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN ROSS COUNTY, O.

A NEW SPIRIT-ROOM.

CORAIN, Ross Co., O., June 27, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Some time in the month of February last, while Mr. John Q. Adams was returning home from the village of Hillsville, a voice from the invisible world whispered in his ear, "You must prepare a Spirit-room like unto that of J. Koons." The words of the strange voice interested him. He consulted the Spirits through the medium of the rappings and tippings, and his faith in the words was strengthened by the corroborating testimony thus obtained. He was directed to procure a stand and hold circles regularly.

On the third night after the stand was procured, and a circle of three persons organized, he was directed by the Spirits, through the tips, to place a pencil and sheet of paper thereon, and they would write with their own hands what they desired him to do. He obeyed the direction, and in about two weeks after this, writing, in rude and uncouth letters, concerning the contemplated room, was performed by the Spirits.

About this time, or a little before, Mrs. Adams was controlled by the Spirits, and nine different languages were spoken through her in the presence of Mr. A., and he was told by a Spirit calling himself *Third King*, that all these communications should be translated into English for him if he would prepare the room required.

Mr. A. was next directed to procure a tin trumpet fourteen inches in length. He immediately did so, and words were spoken through it, though in an inarticulate manner. The words "Good evening" and "Good night" could alone be distinguished.

Mr. Adams conjectured that his own mind might have something to do in the premises, as he was fresh from J. Koons' room at the time he heard the first whisper to build one of his own. So before proceeding to the labor and expense of constructing and furnishing the room, he requested the directing Spirit, *Third King*, to give him some demonstration, concerning the same, that would remove all doubts from his mind, and inspire it with confidence. This request was soon granted in the following manner: Certain marks and characters were made with a pencil upon one of the joists of the house Mr. A. was then using for a cabinet-maker's shop, and writing was performed by the same invisible agency upon a blank sheet of paper, giving an explanation and the significance of the marks and characters upon the joist. They, as explained by the writing, indicated that a partition should be made across the shop, leaving eleven feet of it for a Spirit-room.

Soon after the required partition was made, in Mr. Adams' absence, and in the presence of his father-in-law, Mr. J. Moss, the stand, by the mere slight imposition of the hand, began to dance over the floor, twirling rapidly around upon one leg, turning topsy-turvy, and ascending thus, legs upwards, to the ceiling, while Mr. Moss only held his finger upon the bottom of the inverted leg, of course pressing the stand down rather than upward.

[The stand has just performed, in my presence, some of the same facts recorded above, confirmatory of the truth of what is here written.]

On Mr. Adams' return home from his absence, strange and incredible as it may appear, the following remarkable experience was most certainly written upon his life's history, for he is a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and he affirms that he is willing to be qualified before Almighty God that what follows is most indubitably correct: He was within about four miles of home, traveling on foot upon a turnpike, when he came to a "bye-path," which he took as it was a nearer way home than the main road. After he had followed this path about three hundred yards (it was then between sundown and dark) he was, by an invisible power, lifted from the ground and carried through the air over the path, homeward, with such astonishing rapidity that he was unable to count the panels of a fence along which he was carried, and which he was impressed to number. He was transported thus nearly a mile. While he was being carried, a hand-saw and a square, which he held in his hands, were beaten together, and a delightful tune rang out. A brilliant light, apparently about four feet in circumference, shone out a short distance before him as he glided through the air.

The day following Mr. Adams' arrival home, he attempted to draw a plate of the "Retaining Battery" which he had been instructed or impressed to make for the room. He only partially succeeded in his attempt, for his drawing was, to say the least, imperfect. Thinking the drawing was useless, he attempted to burn it, but was prevented from doing so by the Spirits. He was directed by another medium to leave the drawing in the Spirit-room. He obeyed the direction, and the Spirit of *Third King*, with his own hand, made the necessary alterations and additions, the want of which prevented it from being a perfect drawing of the projected spiritual machine. This drawing is now before me. It is almost a perfect *fus simile* of Messrs. Koons' and Tipple's machines.

After the drawing was completed, the Spirits instructed Messrs. Moss and Adams, through writing performed with their own hands, to purchase a bass and tenor drum, ten car and three tenors, and twenty yards of copper wire for the battery. They were obedient to the instructions. Then Mr. Adams was instructed to construct the battery, which he did. In accordance with directions, the drums and bells were then strung on and connected with the battery by the wire, after the same manner of those at Koons' and Tipple's. This being completed, various other musical instruments were ordered and obtained, such as the accordion, banjo, guitar, tambourine, harmonicon, etc. A cross—which mediums are impressed is intended to represent that one which the sorrowing toiled under as he ascended Calvary's hill, and upon which the sorrowing and godlike Jesus was crucified—is placed erect in the center of the battery, having its different parts penetrated by the ramifying wire, in as many as four different places. Just above, and immediately over, the arms of this cross, connected with the circuited wire, are four plates, each fashioned in the perfect form of a dove. The two over the left are brass, while the two over the right are copper. At the foot of the cross there are two more of these dove plates. These mild and innocent looking figures sit upon the wire facing each other, in brass and copper pairs. I am inclined to believe that there is some meaning in the construction of this battery, of which its form and shape is a representation, which, if properly understood, would clear away some of the dark mysteries from the horizon of Theology. The happy

use to which the Spirits apply it for the manifestations, is its material while its yet unexplained meaning is its spiritual part. But I am speculating in lieu of being faithful to my narrative. Other bells of a larger size, and with handles, were now purchased, to be left unconnected with the battery, so that the Spirits might handle them and carry them whithersoever they pleased, about the room.

The room is now well prepared and almost thoroughly furnished. And that it is being made good use of by its angel projectors, to accomplish their wise and benevolent designs, I can well testify; though, as yet, I have only been here one night, and have had an opportunity of witnessing only one of their performances.

Last night, in company with a little harmonious band of Spiritualists, I seated myself in the place assigned me in the room by the Spirits, and in the darkness quietly awaited the manifestations. I had not to wait thus long; ere the drum-sticks were taken up by the invisibles, and a lively and loud tune beaten upon the drums with them. After a few tunes had been played thus upon the drums, all the various musical instruments belonging to the room were taken up and played upon by the invisible musicians, while the drums continued to give forth their hollow, muffled sounds. O! what a soul-enrapturing concord of sweet sounds! A hundred fold sweeter was it than its own harmony and music, because of the conscious knowledge it conveyed of its spiritual and heavenly origin. O! it is a great thing thus to be made to realize the blissful presence and beatific existence of the immortal soul in the eternal world beyond "the valley of the shadow of death," by real tangible manifestations, made in sweetest tones of softest music,

TO JANETTE.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

I have been out upon the hills
This pleasant autumn day,
Brushing the thread of gossamer
From shrub and grass away—
And sailing golden maple leaves
Adown the singing brook,
And reading softly all the while;
From nature's open book.

I thought of thee, pale darling, too;
And for thy sake I write
Some lessons that I read therein
From memory, to-night.

First, let me say her printed page—
Like some rare missal old—
Is decked with quaintest characters
In crimson and in gold.

And the light shining over all
Is tinted with the dyes,
That wander like the ghosts of flowers
Along our autumn skies.

"Passing away?" on every page
Was written fair and bright:

"Passing away?"—earth's loveliest ones
Are fading from our sight.

And yet the loss is only ours;
For they but fade to rise
With brighter bloom and fresher life,
'Neath warmer sun and skies.

"Passing away?"—our pleasant earth
Hides in her bosom warm
What once a spirit glorified—
The suffering human form.

We may not look upon it more,
Or lift death's sable pall;

But well we know that one we trust
Is ruler over all.

"Passing away?"—the dying leaves
Fall on a lonely grave.

Made there, since on the winds of spring
They first began to wave.

But the dear sleeper needs them not;
His earthly burdens fell

Like pilgrim Christian's at the Cross—
And lo! with him 'tis well.

"Passing away?"—both mine and thine,
Our loveliest and our best;
We may not mourn—the early called
Are but the early blest.

POPULAR THEOLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Under this caption I find some strictures in the TELEGRAPH of March 10th, on an article of mine published in it in December last, by a correspondent who skirts behind a false signature. It is one of the most *pungent* attempts to be witty and wise that I have ever met with. Although the article has no merit, either in doctrine, logic, or composition, to entitle it to the least notice, yet for the good of whom it may concern I will pass it in review.

"Calvin's" first exception to the article is its abrogating the practice of taking things on trust. He thinks there are individuals whose *ipso dictu* should be law, and mathematical proof of a truth; while I contend that taking things on trust, from *any person*, has no foundation in reason or revelation, and should be discarded as subversive of society, science and philosophy. It keeps the people in ignorance, encourages superstition, and is the principal cause of tyranny and oppression both in church and state. Enlighten a people and no chains can bind them, no walls confine them, and no force can conquer them. We have thought and acted by proxy of popes, priests, and designing politicians, already too long. It is time that we break loose from blind submission to the *would rule*. The only hope of the world's deliverance from sin, ignorance, superstition, bigotry and tyranny, is to teach the people to think and act for themselves. Truth is truth, and hence it requires no vouchers, since a world of unbelief can not make it false. A thing is none the *more true because* spoken by an apostle of God, than if uttered by the "father of lies." The fact that *nones* are two wise or too good to err, is clear proof that we are not *safe* to receive anything without evidence. God has no *right* to demand our faith in anything without proof, or to impose a duty on man without showing him that it is not only *just*, but for his interest and greatest good to practice it.

And in no instance has he done it. Not truly wise man will so impugn the credulity of his fellow man as to ask him to receive a doctrine or truth merely on his word. A man who never thinks for himself, but acts by others' will and worships by another's conscience and creed, is not to be trusted or respected. None are so wise as to know all things, and none so humble that they do not possess some truths. Indeed, some of the most practical truths, which have proved the greatest blessing to the world, have been brought to light by men of no pretension to wisdom, who had no "reputation for correct reasoning or consistent living."

"Large streams from little fountains flow,"

Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Are we not told in the good book that God chooseth the foolish things of this world to confound the wise? We should look to the *proof* of a truth rather than its birth-place and parentage, and decide all matters by nature's laws and evidence; for many truths have had a *manger* for a birth-place, and a carpenter for father. Men nor place can make truth honorable, but truth can make them honorable. Reputation should have little or no influence in deciding a man's truth and philosophy, or the right or wrong of his acts. We should take men and things for what they are, not for what they seem or have a reputation. We should search for truth *ourselves* as for a hidden treasure, and not trust others to do it for us, as ministers are hired to pray and preach for people who care not for their souls, and have no inclination for such things. Although Christ "had a reputation for correct reasoning and consistent living," yet he never enforced any truth on his word, but always gave the *proof*, as in the case of Thomas. So in regard to his Messiahship, he cited his followers to his *works*, not words, as evidence of his authority.

In short, there is no evidence, save in the false notion of society, that it is *just* or *right* to take anything on trust. Neither should we reject men or principles on public opinion, but decide all matters by *snuff*. What truly learned man is not continually abandoning what he once supposed to be truth and taught as such, and embracing doctrines and principles which he once considered chimerical?—which will ever be the case until change, progression and perfection cease to be eternal laws of nature.

"Calvin's" is next startled with the idea that "the christian world considers the Bible the fountain of all truth." He wonders where I can have passed my days to have imbibed such an idea respecting the doctrines held by Christians. In answer to his inquiry as to where I have spent my days I would say, that I have spent *fifteen years* in the study and investigation of the theological *lore*; and if there are any robes in the theological ship with which I am not acquainted, from "the fall," up through "original sin," "total depravity," "the atonement," "the trinity," "the unity," "predetermination," "free-agency," "endless misery," to the "final holiness and happiness of all men," I should like to have "Calvin" name them. Now to the idea that the Christian world considers the Bible the fountain of all truth. He wonders where I have spent my days to have imbibed such an idea respecting the doctrines held by Christians. In answer to his inquiry as to where I have spent my days I would say, that I have spent *fifteen years* in the study and investigation of the theological *lore*; and if there are any robes in the theological ship with which I am not acquainted, from "the fall,"

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which it does not understand and can not comprehend? But he does not stop here. After going into a laborious argument (?) to prove reason worthless, and venting his spite at it, he assures us that "it is the exclusive work of reason to interpret the Bible." If this is not sublime and logical, there is nothing in the article that is! "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel," especially when found in theology where thou art seldom seen! Is it not difficult to keep one's gravity in remarking upon such sublime nonsense and monster absurdities? One of the most fatal errors of Christianity is its ignoring science and philosophy. If it is not founded in these, it is undeserving the confidence and support of the people of the nineteenth century, and the sooner its *requiem* is chanted the better.

The fact is, we want, and *must* have, a religion adapted to the age—*to free-thinking, inquiring, investigating minds*—which shall honor man and glorify God. We are yet to learn that Christianity consists in *knowing and practicing* God's eternal truths, and not in splendid temples and costly domes, which echo with the rites and ceremonies of cringing sycophants and ignorant sincerity. We now come to *divine* truths, on which he lays great stress. What does he mean by divine truth? Is not one truth just as divine as another? Does he mean that a truth or fact is any more divine because recorded in the Bible? If so, then I suppose the following nonsense is more sacred for being found in the Bible than if recorded elsewhere. We read in the Bible that God is angry with the wicked every day; and that anger rests only in the bosoms of *fools*; that God is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day and forever; that God hardened Pharaoh's heart that he would not let his people go, and then punished him for not doing what he prevented him from doing; that although God *ordained*, from the foundation of the world, that Christ should be slain by men, in which they were doing his will as much as the angels in heaven, yet they were condemned and punished for it. When we add to these the doctrines of the church in regard to "the fall," "original sin," "total depravity," "infant damnation," "the atonement," "the trinity," "predetermination," "free-agency," "endless misery," etc., etc., do we wonder that some are driven mad, some to suicide, and others to infidelity? Reason was given to man to use in religious as well as other matters, and he who sets it aside, as most religionists do, is like a ship at sea without chart or rudder—the victim of every gale of passion and superstition which sweeps the sea of life.

"Calvin" tells us that "in regard to religious truths we should look to God for light." Any more than that for all truth? There would be just as much propriety in our relying wholly on God for a *literary* as moral and religious education. He no more encourages slothfulness in the cultivation of the mind than the earth. The penalty for idleness in both cases is, those who do sow shall not reap, but shall lie in harvest and have nothing. It is a law of nature that *we must labor* for everything desirable. And I very much fear that those Christians will be sadly disappointed who flatter themselves that when they get home to heaven (if they ever do) they shall have nothing to do but recline on sofas of ease, while gentle zephyrs from groves of spices shall fan their brows, and rivers of pleasures and knowledge unceasingly and unbidden flow. For I think it is evident that knowledge and happiness are no more intuitive in another state of being than in this. Hence, whatever intellectual and moral culture we attain to here, will not, as generally supposed, be lost in eternity. Man's inability to reform and faithfully discharge the duties of life without some *miraculous* interposition of God, which is taught by the church, and implied in the phrase "Looking to God for religious truths," has shipwrecked more souls than all the gales of passion that ever swept life's sea. Of all the absurd doctrines of the church, which are many, that of total depravity or man's inability to do what God and duty require of him, is not the least! What! God made man and imposed duties on him which he is *unable* to perform! Can anything be more inconsistent? If the doctrine be true, then God is an *unreasonable* and *inconsistent* being.

But admitting, for the sake of the argument, that "the mind of man is in ruins," and that he is so depraved that his reason can avail him nothing, and that he is wholly dependent on "the Divine Spirit to guide him to a knowledge of spiritual truth—that is religious truth" as "Christians believe," will "Calvin" inform us how it happens that those who thus give themselves up to the "guidance of the Divine Spirit" are guided to *and embrace* doctrines which are *entirely opposite* in their *nature and results*? For instance: one is guided to predetermine, another to free-agency, one to the unity, another to the trinity, one to endless misery, another to the final holiness and happiness of all men. If he replies, all are not guided by "the Divine Spirit," will he tell us *who* is and *who* is not? He seems to think Christianity is nearly or quite perfect, if not all who profess it. I conclude he does not judge a tree by its fruits. For what barbarities and cruelties have not been perpetrated in the name of religion! Its mild principles of peace and good will to all, and sanctifying nature, have been enforced by the whipping-post, the gallows, the fires of Smithfield, the dungeon, rack and inquisition. Its history is written in letters of blood, while its path is marked out with human gore! In all ages its altars have smoked and dripped with innocent blood, on which hecatombs of human beings have been offered up!

Indeed, there is no system of evil, although proceeding from the "father of lies," which so cloths the heavens in sackcloth, filled the world with weeping and lamentation, and made earth one common tomb, to satisfy man's unallowable passions, as that named Christianity. I would it could be relieved of the gloomy darkness and doubt which envelop it. I would not be understood as ignoring a *rational* and *philosophical* religion. But with the popular religion of the day I have no sympathy, which a person may enjoy if he only prays, fasts and pays tithes, or supports the church, although he be an extortioneer, oppressor of the poor, and devourer of widows' houses and orphans' bread. Such a religion is better adapted to the dark ages than the nineteenth century.

H. KNAPP.
LOCKPORT, N.Y.

CURED BY CLAIRVOYANCE.

BOSTON, MORRIS CO., N.J., June 4, 1855.

FRIEND BRITTON:

Be so kind as to allow these few facts a place in the TELEGRAPH.

For these last five years I had such a pain in my back and breast that I could not lie in my own shoe until I set my foot on something to bring it in closer proximity to my hands. I could not walk except with a wriggling gait. I was often unable to work, and never could sit down on a chair, but by gradually allowing my back to come to a position causing the least pain. Often in the night it would be necessary for me to awake my wife to assist me to turn in bed, and my difficulty kept getting worse until this winter, when dyspepsia set in so that I could not eat even one meal a day. I had tried the water-cure, and a doctor of the old school, a very humane and philanthropic man also treated me for years, all to no purpose, unless to make my complaint worse.

But last winter, by some means or other, I got hold of a part of a paper, called *The Token*, in which Mrs. French advertised to examine gratis those who were too poor to pay. I then wrote to her to examine gratis those who were too poor to pay. I then wrote to her to take my case in hand, but when my letter arrived she was absent from home. That true friend of his race, however, T. Culbertson, wrote me, stating that the treatment of absences was so injurious to Mrs. French that she had to give it up, promising at the same time to furnish me with Mrs. French's invaluable Fluids, free of charge, for a trial. After sending him a description of my feelings, thinking this mode of action as much an experiment as the allopathic treatment, I wrote to Mrs. Mettler of Hartford, giving her only my name and residence, with a lock of my hair; and Dr. Mettler sent me a prescription, and described my pains and their locations in so distinct and correct a manner, that although I was before this a full believer in her powers, I was overwhelmed with her surprising disclosures, not only of my own pains but also of a disease with which my wife is afflicted, some of the features of which I was entirely ignorant of until my wife confirmed Mrs. Mettler's account of them, and this, too, without the knowledge that Mrs. Mettler had said anything about her case.

As I was poor, and saw that Mrs. Mettler's prescriptions required some money to purchase the medicines, and finding that Mrs. French's Nerve-Soothing Fluids were adapted exactly to my case, as described by Mrs. Mettler, (which, by the way, was liver and kidney complaint,) I wrote to T. Culbertson, and he sent me three bottles, two for external and one for internal use, and on the second application I felt so much better that I could sit down on a chair without pain, and as quickly as ever I could. But after I had used up six bottles more, I grew worse again. I had insisted, as though to find words to express his views, and lifting up his hands, proceeded, "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and I was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hands upon my shoulder, and said—"You must go back." These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, "Lord must I go back?" With this shock, I opened my eyes, in the world. When I saw I was in this world I fainted, then came to, and fainted for several times, as one would naturally have done in so weak a situation.

I remain, yours for humanity,

WILLIAM COATES.

THE PORTRAIT.

TO HAGAR—

'Tis beautiful—the heaving breast,
The jetty lash, the lip half curled—
The face like that of Egypt's queen,
That lost to Anthony a world.
The faultless shoulder, rounded throat—
The raven hairs luxuriant flow
Toward her zone, in curling waves
That half conceal her bosom's snow.
And those who lightly gaze may deem
Beneath a face and form so fair
There must exist a heart too light
To e'er have known the touch of care;
But one may read within those eyes,
And in the blushing of the cheek—
A trace of sorrow that the lip
Could not so eloquently speak.
That mournful look reveals to me
A sadness all too deep for words—
As if the touch of some rude hand
Had jarred the spirit's innocent chords;
And yet it almost seems a sin
That grief should seek so fair a shrine;
That sighs should fill thy breast, or tears
Begin that silken lash of thine.
Alas! 'tis but the common lot;
The loveliest friends soonest fade,
The fairest blossoms earliest fall,
The warmest hearts are first betrayed;
And even so, the purest breasts—
That ne'er have dreamed of shame nor sin—
Are first to feel the secret dart,
And nurse the worm that gnaws within.

PHANTASIA.

TRANCE OF REV. WILLIAM TENNENT.

We are indebted to a correspondent (A. Ilsley) for a copy of the following interesting relation, taken from an old "Christian Family Annual," edited by Rev. D. Newell, a Presbyterian clergyman. Though the record of the remarkable trance of Mr. Tennent has been published several times, we presume it will be new to the majority of our readers, by whom it will doubtless be perused with deep interest. We commend the closing remark of the Rev. Orthodox writer to the special attention of such as are more modern *confidantes* as are disposed to deny that "in every age of the world" spiritual manifestations of some kind have occurred "to furnish living testimony to the reality of the invisible world, and of the infinite importance of its eternal concerns."

After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent, then with his brother Gilbert, at New Brunswick, N.J., was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, so much so that his life was threatened. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning in Latin with his brother, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time he was laid out, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician, who was warmly attached to him, returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and, on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although it was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral, should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no signs of success were exhibited but by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour; when his brother came in, and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should proceed. At this critical and important moment he, to the great alarm of all present, opened his eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sank again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour, his eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

The writer of his memoirs states that on a favorable occasion, he earnestly pressed Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at that time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly waded along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and halloohahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory."

"I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'you must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to be not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble, gave me such a shock that I faintly repeated." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it is possible for a human being to live entirely above the world, and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and halloohahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

This extraordinary event is abundantly confirmed by the worthy successor of Mr. Tennent in the pastoral charge of his church. He states that after hearing from Mr. Tennent's own mouth a particular narration of this surprising trance, he said to him—"Sir you seem to be one indeed raised from

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Interesting Miscellany.

ARE THINE FOR EVER.

Here is one of Tennyson's exquisite little lyrics. It is worthy of his pen, and few many, save Tennyson, could have written it:

Sit down, sad soul, and comit
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing;
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time nor weep
The loss of leisure;

But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same.
We love forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,
The gentle, never;
Stay, then, till sorrow dice—
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

SPIRITUAL FLOWERS.

In every human heart there grows
A sister pair of faded flowers,
Truth is the lily—Love the rose,
Transplanted from celestial bowers.
'Tis watchful Duty's gentle care
To keep them ever in her sight,
To feed them on the beans of air,
And shield them from the dews of night.
And when they've lived the little sphere
To earthly joys and sorrows given,
Commissioned angels will appear
And bear the exiles back to heaven.

—The Crisis.

A MODEL BOOK PEDDLER.

"Don't you want to buy the 'Life of Christ,' to-day, mister?" said a determined looking Yankee book-peddler, who yesterday entered our sanctum, with a guitar padauk traveling bag, and a rather powerful odor of whiskey on his breath.

"No, not to-day," was our bland reply. "We're rather too busy to speculate in theological literature at present."

"Better look at the book, anyhow, hadn't ye?—chuck full of pictures, Samson on the Mount done up fast style. Regular jam up book, that is; writ the hell out myself—did, by thunder!"

"No; we've an abundant supply of works on divinity."

"But, stranger, this air's suthin' new."

"We rather guess that the Bible and Josephus contain about the gist of your compilation, don't they?"

"Jo—se—plus! who in thunder's he? No, stranger, you're out than." I tell you there's things in that book that Josephus never heard tell on!"

It was no use, however; we declined purchasing, and Yankee at length bowed himself out.

A moment afterwards he reappeared.

"Stay, Mister, mount yeaw know Mr. P., next door?"

We intimated that such was the fact.

"Wal, kin yeaw tell me what religion he belongs tew? Some says he's a Methodist, some calls him a Swedenborgian, and another feller says he bunkers after the Mormons. I'd like to know what he really does belong tew."

"Why do you inquire?" we asked.

"Wall, I don't mind tellin' you. Yeaw see I generally find out what church a man belongs tew before I try to sell him a book, because then I always let on that I belong to the same church, and that generally takes—that does. If I know what church a man jines with, I never miss fire selling under them circumstances."

"Well, did you make inquiries concerning our religious tenets?"

"Stranger, I did; yeaw can bet high on it."

"Not very successful, it would appear, for you haven't sold us a book."

"Wal, no; but if you kin tell me what church Mr. P. belongs tew it'll do just as well."

"You can't sell him a book; it's no use making the effort."

"Stranger, I'll bet yeaw know Mr. P., next door?"

"Well, Mr. P. is a Swedenborgian; now try him."

About an hour afterward, we entered P.'s store. He was walking up and down using language rather more emphatic than custom requires not apparently addressed to any person in particular.

"What's the matter P.?" we inquired.

"Why, a chap come in to sell the 'Life of Christ'—said he was a son of Professor Bush, the Swedenborgian Divine, and a Swedenborgian himself. Said he had sold my brother Dick a copy, and that Dick sent him to me."

"And so you bought one?"

"Yes, and Dick was here just now, and says he never saw the man. He's a danned rascal; the book ain't worth a cent."

When P. went home that night, the first object that met his eye was the "Life of Christ," lying on the table.

"My dear," said his lady, "that's a very trashy affair you sent home. I don't like it at all. It's anything but orthodox." (P.'s wife is a strict Baptist.)

"You don't mean to say you've been buying one too," said P., pronouncing his own copy.

"Why a person called here to-day, saying he was a member of the—th street Baptist church, and that you sent the book as a compliment to me, and so I paid him three dollars for it!"

P. stayed to hear no more; he rushed out, and the last we saw of him he was inquiring for a tall peddler, with dust-colored hair and striped breeches.

Book-peddlers will do well to avoid Mr. P. in their perambulations, as he vowed to immolate the first one that adumbrates his door.

N. Y. Courier.

A CLERGYMAN ENGAGED TO ELEVEN LADIES.

We heard yesterday of a series of villainies perpetrated recently by a wolf in sheep's clothing, of a character to bring the reverent imposter, if caught, to the penitentiary. His name is John Howard Wilson, and he has been preaching for some time past in Cheviot. Being endowed with a soft oily tongue, and a sleek appearance, he tried his killing accomplishments indiscriminately among the unmarried belles of that suburban village with such success that he engaged himself to be married to no less than eleven, from some of whom he borrowed money upon the pretense of making the necessary arrangements toward house-keeping. Of one young lady he obtained \$50, which he laid between the leaves of a Bible in her parlor, to be used the day previous to the wedding; but when, upon hearing of the pranks of the sanctimonious Lothario, she looked in the hiding place, the bank bills were not.

The manner which led to the discovery of his multifarious engagements was that a couple of the betrothed met by accident in a fashionable dry goods establishment in this city. After mutual recognition, they proceeded to examine various fabrics and make purchases. Singularly enough their tastes assimilated so exactly, that young lady number one remarked to young lady number two that she thought it very strange. Heronpen young lady number two replied that so it was; but if she (young lady number one) could keep a secret, she would tell her one.

Number one promised (what feminine would not?) that her lips should be eternally sealed, when, blushing like a peony, her companion whispered in her ear that she was going to be married.

Another promise of secrecy and the name of Rev. John Howard Wilson was softly breathed.

"Who?" exclaimed number one, while her earnest gaze betokened her astonishment.

The name was again repeated, and forthwith young lady number one became suddenly dizzy, and but for the application of *sudoratice* and cold water, a fainting exhibition in the mercer establishment would have ensued. After a while, when sufficiently calm to explain, she informed young lady number two, that she was under an engagement of marriage to the reverend deceiver, and she was then making purchases of her wedding garments. Another kettle of fish was the consequence of this disclosure, for young lady number two immediately went

through the same motions as her predecessor, and again the pungent mixture and cold water were in requisition. The disconsolate damsels returned without their purchases to the quiet village, where they speedily proclaimed the villainy of the rascally pastor, who getting wind that all was discovered, made tracks between two days during the past week.

Since his exit it has been discovered that he some time ago forged a draft on Mr. Elliott, of the Methodist Book Concern, which was honored. No tidings have been heard of him since his absquatulation; but we presume he will turn up under another name, when he can discover a convenient field to reap a harvest by playing upon the credulity of the susceptible termini.—*Circumstantial Enquirer.*

JESUS AND GREAT INTELLIGENT.—Look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single man born and bred a Catholic, distinguished for anything but his devotion to the Catholic Church. I mean to say, there is not a man in America, born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, poetics, benevolence, philanthropy. I do not know one: I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, historian, orator, or poet, amongst them.

The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual and physical, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of the Jesuits from 1845 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it.

Clipped oaks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the bole, and what becomes of the tree? The bole remains thin, and scant, and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf, and a natural giant at the same time? Cast your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a trench, do you get a tree? Not a shrub, even. Put a priest or a priest's creed as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The Great God provided the natural mode of operation—do you suppose He will turn aside and mend or mar the Universes at your or my request? I think God will do no such thing.—THEODORE PARKER.

CONDITION OF MORMON WOMEN.—An officer belonging to Col. Steptoe's command, now stationed at Salt Lake City, in a letter to the *Providence Journal*, thus speaks of the condition of the Mormon women.

"With a word about their melancholy condition, I will bring a long letter to a close. As a general thing, a woman here, having suffered what we call the 'hust,' but what the Mormons call the 'holy desires,' of some righteous elders, is left to shift for herself; not the least support does she receive from him to whom she has been in many cases forced to prostitute herself. Their condition is infinitely worse than that of the slaves at the South. One of the wives of 'the chief of the twelve Apostles,' washed for a boarding-house here to support herself. Two wives of Parley P. Pratt, another apostle, have repeatedly begged for work. Women here have told me that their pretended husbands have not visited them for months and years. One of the apostles asked a family of three girls to marry him, and to get them he would take the old mother. They refused, and he has since maligned them in every way. We received many requests for assistance to leave from women in every position. Their case is peculiarly hard, separated by hundreds of miles of plain and desert from the outside world, brought here by false inducements, degraded and oppressed, with no hope of succor—they are in great, very great numbers, entirely disaffected. They abhor the very thought of polygamy, the very name of Mormonism. This is the simple truth."

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"And so you bought one?"

"Yes, and Dick was here just now, and says he never saw the man. He's a damed rascal; the book ain't worth a cent."

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